

The Comical Historie of

That you yet know not of ; wee see our husbands !
Before they think of us ?

Nerrissa. Shall they see us ?

Portia. They shall *Nerrissa* : but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack ; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutred like young men,
Ile prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the braver grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reed-voice, and turne two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speake of frayes,
Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lyes,
How honourable Ladies fought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sicke and dyed.
I could not doe withall : then Ile repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not killd them :
And twenty of these punie lyes Ile tell,
That men shall sweare I have discontinued schoole
Above a twelve-moneth : I have within my minde,
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging lackes,
Which I will practise.

Nerriss. Why, shall wee turne to men ?

Port. Fie, what a question's that ?
If thou wert nere a lewd Interpreter :
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole device,
When I am in my Coach, which stayes for us
At the Parke gate : and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twentie miles to day.

Enter Clowne and Iessica.

Clow. Yes truly, for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to
be laid upon the Children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I
was alwayes plaine with you, and so now I speak my agitation of
the matter : therefore be of good cheere, for truly I think you are
damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and
that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Ies. And what hope is that, I pray thee ?

Clowne.

the Merchant of Venice.

Clown. Mary you may partly hope that your father got you
not, that you are not the Jewes daughter.

Iessica. That were a kind of bastard hope in deed, so the sinnes
of my mother should be visited upon me.

Clowne. Truly then I feare you are damn'd both by father and
mother : thus when I shun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Charibdis*
your mother ; well, you are gone both wayes.

Iessica. I shall be sav'd by my husband, he hath made me a
Christian ?

Clow. Truly the more too blame he, we were Christians enow
before, e'en as many as could well live one by another : his making
of Christians wil raise the price of hogs, if we grow all to be pork
eaters, we shall not shortly have a rather on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Iessi. Ile tel my husband *Launcelet* what you say ; here he comes.

Loren. I shall grow jealous of you shortly *Launcelet*, if you thus
get my wife into corners.

Iessi. Nay, you need not feare us *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are
out, he tels me flatly there's no mercy for me in heaven, because
I am a Jewes daughter : and he sayes you are no good member of
the common-wealth, for in converting Jewes to Christians, you
raise the price of porke.

Loren. I shall answer that better to the common-wealth than
you can the getting up of the *Negroes* belly : the Moore is with
child by you *Launcelet*.

Clowne. It is much that the Moore should be more then rea-
son : but if she be lesse then an honest woman, she is indeed more
then I tooke her for.

Loren. How every foole can play upon the word, I think the
best grace of wit will shortly turne into silence, and discourse
grow commendable in none onely but Parrats ; go in sirra, bid
them prepare for dinner.

Clown. That is done sir, they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord what a wit snapper are you, then bid them
prepare dinner.

Clown. That is done to sir, onely cover is the word.

Loren. Will you cover than sir ?

Clown. Not so sir neither, I know my duty.

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Loren. Yet